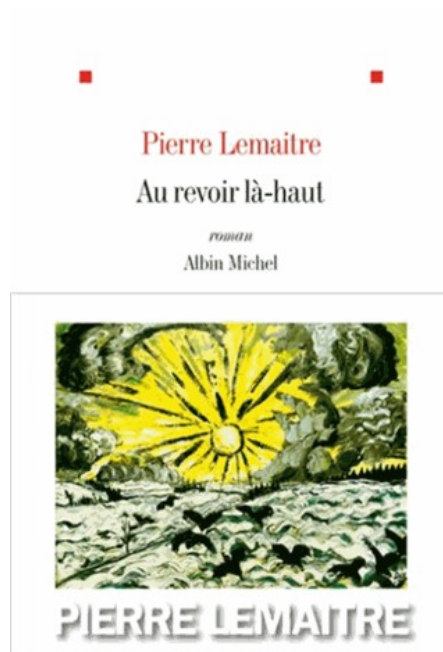




Au revoir là-haut

Pierre Lemaitre

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Rescapés du chaos de la Grande Guerre, Albert et Edouard comprennent rapidement que le pays ne veut plus d'eux. Malheur aux vainqueurs ! La France glorifie ses morts et oublie les survivants. Albert, employé modeste et timoré, a tout perdu. Edouard, artiste flamboyant devenu une "gueule cassée", est écrasé par son histoire familiale. Désarmés et abandonnés après le carnage, tous deux sont condamnés à l'exclusion. Refusant de céder à l'amertume ou au découragement, ils vont, ensemble, imaginer une arnaque d'une audace inouïe qui mettra le pays tout entier en effervescence... Et élever le sacrilège et le blasphème au rang des beaux-arts. Bien au delà de la vengeance et de la revanche de deux hommes détruits par une guerre vaine et barbare, ce roman est l'histoire caustique et tragique d'un défi à la société, à l'Etat, à la famille, à la morale patriotique, responsables de leur enfer.

Dans la France traumatisée de l'après guerre qui compte son million et demi de morts, ces deux survivants du brasier se lancent dans une escroquerie d'envergure nationale d'un cynisme absolu.

Au revoir là-haut Details

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From Reader Review Au revoir là-haut for online ebook

Paolo says

Allora, inutile prendersela con questo libro perché è "facile": è stato concepito - e bene - a bella posta per diventare un campione di vendite, non esclusa la scelta della tempistica di pubblicazione (centenario della prima guerra).

Da questo angolo di visuale i difetti sono in realtà altrettanti pregi, compreso il finale che a qualcuno non piace, ma che anzi prefigura già i titoli di coda per una (sicuramente di successo) trasposizione cinematografica e non esclude eventuali seguiti.

Trovare un produttore che azzecca cast e regista e realizza qualcosa che metta insieme "La grande guerra" e "La Stangata" sarebbe una goduria non credete ?

I francesi l'hanno gratificato con il loro maggiore premio letterario, dimostrando pragmatismo ma anche onestà intellettuale (si danno riconoscimenti alle cose riuscite bene e che funzionano, non alle buone intenzioni....)

Jim Fonseca says

This novel won France's highest literary award, the Prix Goncourt, in 2013.

To summarize from the blurbs: two French WW I veterans find themselves in a society whose "reverence for its dead cannot quite match its resentment for those who survived." They are penniless. One lost the lower half of his face and is morphine addicted. Physically and psychologically destroyed by the war, both are cut off from their families (one man is gay, abandoned and disowned by his father) and the men seeks revenge against the country they feel has abandoned them.

They still fear a lieutenant from the war who, trying to make a name for himself in the last ten days before the peace, kills two of his own men and tried to kill the two men who are the main characters in the book.

There's a lot more to the plot (it's almost 500 pages) but much of the book is about two swindles; one real and one fictitious.

The real swindle, researched by the author, was a scandal in France after the war. Imagine the impact of loved ones finding out how the bodies of their lost sons, brothers and fathers were treated. We are used to seeing pictures of row upon row of soldiers' graves in neatly arranged cemeteries. And we are used to seeing war dead returned with honor guards. But that's not how it was in the heat of battle in the trench warfare of WW I. Bodies were tossed into pits, gullies and bomb craters and hastily buried.

What occurred after the war wasn't pretty either. An illicit practice started where wealthy people paid soldiers to reveal where their loved ones were buried and then paid others to retrieve their bodies for burial. After the war a massive operation was undertaken by France to find and exhume bodies for proper burial in

the national war cemeteries.

Companies bid on contracts that went to the low bidders. Chinese and African immigrants did most of this nasty work. Most were illiterate, certainly in French. They could not read “dog tags” or other identifying paperwork, so bodies were mixed up. Paid “by the coffin,” German war dead were sometimes interred as French soldiers. Empty coffins were assigned names and buried. The companies scrimped on the size of coffins, sometimes cutting off heads or feet to fit bodies into the smallest coffin possible. Personal items and clothing were stolen. One company even paid grave workers for dentures stolen from the dead.

After the war, every town tried to outdo its neighbors in building monuments to honor their war dead. The two destitute men, left to shift for themselves, resented this extravagance on the dead while living veterans are largely ignored. Here’s the fake scandal: Since the injured man is an excellent artist, he concocts a scheme with the help of his buddy to sell war memorials and receive down payments for projects that will never be built.

There is good writing. Some samples:

“He hiked up the front of his pants as if to say: I could do with a drink now.”

“...so many trips, so many meetings, scarcely time to screw his wife’s friends; this government order was taking up all his time and energy.”

“Having no one and nothing in his life – not even a cat – everything was about him, his existence had curled in on itself like a dry leaf around an empty space.”

[Of the town mayor who simply rambled when he spoke]: “What did it mean, this prolixity? It was impossible to tell. Labourdin constructed sentences from sounds rather than ideas.”

“It sounded as though he had spent much time thinking about the question but never about the answer.”

A great read – I’ll give it a 4.5 and round up to “5.”

Top photo from thoughtco.com

Photo of Etaples Military Cemetery from tripadvisor.com.uk

Photo of the author from elperiodico.com

Marina Sofia says

A painless way to learn more about the aftermath of the First World War. Painless, because it is a very readable book, with an easy, natural flow to the writing style (not at all pretentious, which is what is sometimes associated with the Goncourt Prize). The subject matter, however, is painful. The post-war apathy, disillusionment, cynicism and fraud are very well described. The author is great at maintaining

pacing and characterisation throughout - his experience with exciting 'polar' narrative shows. None of the characters are entirely likable, yet you get caught up in their (often self-inflicted) predicaments. Yes, sometimes it does feel a little like a soap opera. But then soap operas are today's manifestation of the romans fleuves - and this is very much in that style.

Tea Jovanovi? says

Na stranu ?injenica da obožavam francusku književnost, ovaj roman je fenomenalan! Odavno mi se nije desilo da danima ništa drugo ne radim nego samo ?itam jednu knjigu (obi?no ?itam nekoliko knjiga paralelno)... Potpuno zaslužena Gonkurova nagrada. Iskrena preporuka svim ljubiteljima dobre, kvalitetne književnosti. Lep jezik, dobro vo?ena pri?a, likovi. Prevod je vrhunski, tako?e oven?an nagradom (zaslužen)... Knjiga je ?ista desetka. Sad mi je još žališe što sam autora upoznala pre no što sam knjigu pro?itala... No, nadam se da ?emo se sresti opet... :) #MUST READ!

Susan says

This novel takes place over three years: 1918, 1919 and 1920. As befitting a book which deals with the aftermath of WWI, this begins in the trenches. War is almost over and the soldiers of the 163rd Infantry Division are, frankly, not keen to take part in a proposed offensive to cross the Meuse. For Lieutenant d'Aulnay Pradelle though, who fears peace will come before he achieves the glory he yearns for, it is one last chance to use the war for his own ends – and nothing is going to stop him...

When two French soldiers are shot on a reconnaissance mission, the men are outraged at the enemy. The outrage spills into an escalation of violence and, two days before the end of the war, Pradelle gets his offensive. When soldier, Albert Maillard comes across the bodies of the two soldiers though, he suspects all is not what it seems and Pradelle notices his interest ... On the battlefield, it seems as though Albert will not gain his wish to return home, but his life is saved by Edouard Pericourt, a talented artist from a wealthy family. Despite the fact that both men survive, this event has massive repercussions for both of them.

I have read many books about the first world war, but not many about the immediate aftermath of war and I actually cannot recall reading one set in France. This perfectly captures the deep distress of a society attempting to cope after this momentous event; of how so many returning servicemen were viewed and of how they struggled to pick up the pieces of their lives. Unwilling to return home, Edouard becomes Albert's responsibility. He is so damaged that Albert states that leaving the hospital with him was, "like walking a wild animal from the zoo down the street," but, in reality, both men are deeply changed; whether physically or mentally.

Both Albert and Edouard struggle with poverty, and, in Edouard's case, dependency on painkillers. Before the war, Albert had a job and a girlfriend, but now he finds that, although he has left the trenches, he is unable to find his way back to normality. What is worse, Pradelle – who Albert fears – has become a success and his social climbing is combined with financial gain, through some rather unscrupulous means. That is, until Edouard comes up with a plan that has the capacity to become an impending national scandal.

I have not read the crime novels by this extremely talented author, but I really enjoyed this book, which is populated by a great cast of characters. Not just the slightly sinister Pradelle, the weary, gentle kindness of

Albert and the artistic and personal flamboyance of Edouard, cruelly destroyed by a single moment; but of the others that help flesh out the storyline. The daughter of the landlady, who befriends the two men, the pretty maid Pauline, Edouard's father, his sister Madeleine and the government inspector, Joseph Merlin, all add to the evocation of this time. The plot is intricate, involved and will carry you along until the end. A very enjoyable book, which will have a lot to offer reading groups, as it has so much to discuss, as well as being a very interesting personal read.

Roger Brunyate says

To their graves again

Those who thought that this war would be over quickly are all dead. Of the war, of course.

Early November, 1918; what a marvelous opening! This massive novel, winner of the Prix Goncourt for 2013, has all the makings of a popular success. Something of a *succès-de-scandale* in France, where it challenges the national preoccupation with patriotic valor, and paints a vitriolic portrait of virtually the entire establishment. But it is also a mighty good story by any account, that starts in the trenches of WW1 and changes into a fascinating tale of crime and corruption, with a nail-biting finish. It will surely be a best-seller in translation, and I can already imagine the Hollywood movie or BBC miniseries. However, I find it hard to gauge its literary value; it is a very different animal from the works of previous Goncourt winners such as Michel Houellebecq, Marie N'Diaye, or Jean Echenoz.

The set-up is simple. Two French soldiers, Albert Maillard and Édouard Péricourt, both wounded in a pointless operation a few days before the Armistice of November 11, 1918, save each other's lives. Albert is buried alive; Édouard digs him out in the nick of time, but is himself wounded. Their recovery is hindered by Lieutenant Henri d'Aulnay-Pradelle, who sets up the attack to seize his last chance at promotion, killing some of his own men to further his own heroic legend; he is a made-for-the-movies villain, handsome, ubiquitous, and utterly detestable.

After 150 pages, the action moves forward by a year. Albert is scraping a living while trying to look after Édouard, who feels he is too disfigured to return to his rich family, and is living under a false name. D'Aulnay-Pradelle meanwhile, has married into Édouard's family, and is using his connections to rise rapidly in society. He becomes a postwar profiteer, contracting with the government to disinter the bodies of soldiers from their battlefield graves and rebury them in large official cemeteries. But he is greedy, and cuts corners. Albert and Édouard, meanwhile, start their own scheme to raise money for war memorials, based on Édouard's extraordinary abilities as an artist. The author cites several articles suggesting that something of this kind was an actual scandal in the years following the War. Certainly, he has a remarkable knowledge of French bureaucracy, and a perfect ear for how the rich use their status to manipulate those less powerful.

I am in awe at Lemaitre's skill at plotting. Starting from just these three major characters, he gradually introduces others—Édouard's sister and father, Pradelle's fellow directors, a tenacious inspector from the Ministry, the landlady's daughter who becomes fascinated with Édouard, and the beautiful maid who falls for Albert—working them into the remainder of the novel as integral parts of the action. He has a way of presenting plot twists as *faits accomplis*, and only then going back to explain how they came about. He is brilliant at building a climax.

Morally, the book is more challenging. I found myself liking quite a few of the characters, but approving of none of them. The attractive ones include the meek yet resourceful Albert, Édouard's sister, and even his banker father, cold though he seemed at the beginning. But none of the characters are without bad traits, and even our heroes engage in deceptive, if not downright criminal, behavior. The back cover calls the novel a "fresco of a rare cruelty," and there is certainly a quality of violence to the writing, that almost revels in injury, insult, and degradation (not to mention decomposing bodies) as though this were a 19th-century melodrama seen through the lens of an R-rated film-maker.

Hence, I think, my difficulty in finding a context within which to rate this. Its subject is early 20th-century, and Lemaitre mentions a couple of novels from the period that influenced him. But for me, the overriding sensation was of reading a novel from the 19th century. The obvious comparison is with Balzac's *Le Colonel Chabert*, also about a soldier buried alive who finds it difficult to return to civil life. But in scope, it is more like Stendhal, or Zola, or most of all Hugo's *Les Misérables*; Lemaitre at one point even compares Pradelle to Javert. In any case, the kind of novel they don't write any more—or write, if they do, to sell in airports rather than enter for prizes. And yet I was always conscious of this being a 21st-century product, for its attitudes, its authorial voice, and not least for its language that kept me going to the online dictionary, looking up presumably slang words that as often or not I could not find. I feel I cannot possibly give it less than five stars, but part of me wonders how much of this is due to the undertaking of reading it in French. When it becomes a best-seller in English, will it seem then merely another blockbuster historical novel, or truly a prizewinner, something exceptional? We shall see.

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After corresponding with a couple of Francophone friends, I would add the following. Much of my difficulty with context probably stems from the fact that the book is written simultaneously in two registers, the literary and the popular, which often jostle one another within the bounds of a single sentence. It is a kind of sampling technique that could really only be done in the postmodern era, even though the story goes back a century, and the idea of the grand novel a century before that. Secondly, it is a book that changes its colors as it progresses. The opening 150 pages have a philosophical depth, psychological perception, and richness of style which does not at all conflict with the Prix Goncourt world. But as it becomes increasingly more of a plot-driven novel, it also becomes more commercial—though doubtless highly successful in that genre.

Teresa Proença says

Pierre Lemaitre, autor de vários romances policiais, escreve o seu primeiro livro não "negro" e com ele vence o Prémio Goncourt em 2013.

Até nos vemos lá em cima é um excelente romance - iniciado em Novembro de 1918, durante uma batalha na primeira Guerra Mundial - o qual acompanha dois franceses que, após a guerra, tentam sobreviver numa França que pouca importância dá às vítimas, mortas ou vivas.

Albert, um homem comum. Simples, temeroso, generoso, e cuja dedicação - por amizade ou gratidão - ao seu amigo é inabalável.

Édouard, um homem singular. Criativo, exuberante, excêntrico, louco (ou não). Uma personagem fascinante. Dizer mais sobre o enredo é penalizar o futuro leitor, pois um dos prazeres desta leitura são as surpresas que o autor foi criando ao longo da narrativa, através de uma bonita história - de amizade, de amor e de coragem - reveladora da luta dos homens, que divididos entre o Bem e o Mal, tentam manter a sua própria humanidade e integridade.

Suzanne Arcand says

Une fois de temps en temps, trop rarement, arrive un livre tellement bien écrit qu'on reste bouche bée devant tant de talent et l'on ne sait pas trop quoi en dire. Au revoir là-haut est ce livre. Pas étonnant qu'il ait gagné le Prix Goncourt.

Je ne croyais pas qu'il était possible d'écrire quelque chose de frais et de nouveau sur la Grande Guerre. On se dit qu'après cent ans tout a été dit. Qu'il n'y a plus d'angle original duquel on puisse aborder ce sujet. On se serait trompée. Pierre Lemaitre y arrive avec une apparente facilité qui a dû demander des années de travail.

Le livre débute en novembre 1918, quelques jours avant l'armistice. La proximité avec la paix aurait normalement dû amener une certaine quiétude aux soldats qui commencent à croire qu'ils vont s'en sortir vivants. C'est sans compter le lieutenant d'Aulnay-Pradelle, le vilain de l'histoire, qui a besoin d'une dernière bataille pour faire avancer sa carrière. Seulement les hommes sous ses ordres sont plus ou moins motivés. Ce qu'il fait pour les convaincre d'attaquer est terrible et aura des conséquences catastrophiques pour deux d'entre eux, Albert et Édouard.

Après ce premier chapitre, prenant et surprenant, on suit la démobilisation. On voit que la guerre est finie mais que tout n'est pas devenu rose pour autant. Les pauvres types restent pauvres, les blessés ont peine à se trouver du travail pendant que les puissants profitent de l'après-guerre pour grossir leur fortune. La guerre, encore aujourd'hui, n'est pas toujours mauvaise pour les affaires.

Malgré un sujet, somme toute très sombre. Le roman est clair et lumineux. Le style d'écriture est limpide et parsemé d'humour noir. La première phrase donne le ton. « Ceux qui pensaient que cette guerre finirait bientôt étaient tous morts depuis longtemps. De la guerre justement. »

J'ai rarement lu des livres où l'histoire et le style narratif sont aussi prenants l'une que l'autre. J'ai failli manqué mon arrêt de métro parce que j'étais complètement éblouie par la beauté de la langue. En même temps, il ne faut surtout pas croire que la beauté du style se fait au détriment du récit. Au revoir là-haut est un exemple de clarté où les procédés stylistiques ne sont jamais utilisés pour faire beau, mais toujours pour servir le propos. Tout est clair et coule de source.

Le livre est écrit à la troisième personne du singulier par un narrateur omniscient qui prend beaucoup de place et regarde agir les personnages avec un certain détachement ce qui permet au lecteur de garder une certaine distance avec les événements qui leurs arrivent et donne une légèreté au roman. On est conscient qu'on nous conte une histoire, mais elle est si bien racontée qu'on l'écoute avec plaisir.

Le personnage préféré du narrateur est Albert, un anti héros qui rêvait d'une vie tranquille. Il n'y aura pas droit. Au lieu de la vie dont il rêvait, il sera entraîné par Édouard Péricourt dans une aventure improbable. Car notre sympathie et celle de l'auteur va à Édouard, le véritable héros de l'histoire c'est Édouard. C'est par lui qu'il se passe quelque chose et que le récit avance. (view spoiler)

Chaque personnage, sauf d'Aulnay-Pradelle, qui est tout à fait vilain est montré avec ses forces et ses faiblesses. D'ailleurs, le roman met en parallèles deux arnaques. Celle d'Édouard et celle d'Aulnay-Pradelle. Quand on y pense vraiment les deux sont aussi peu morale l'une que l'autre. Dans les deux cas, des gens

profitent de l'après-guerre pour s'en mettre plein les poches. Pourtant si l'on déteste d'Aulnay-Pradelle on ne peut s'empêcher d'espérer le succès pour Albert. On sympathise avec Albert parce que dans le fond il est un bon gars entraîné malgré lui dans une aventure qui le dépasse. Avec lui, c'est la revanche des blessés de la vie, des pauvres, des laissés pour compte que l'on célèbre. (view spoiler)

Autour d'eux orbitent des personnages colorés qui dans les mains d'un auteur moins talentueux auraient pu être caricaturaux. Ce n'est pas le cas ici, car la plupart d'entre eux sont traités avec compassion par Pierre Lemaitre qui prend le temps de nous faire connaître les différents aspects de leur personnalité. Le père d'Édouard n'a pas le cœur aussi sec qu'on nous le présente d'abord. Ça fait du bien dans les livres de voir un personnage féminin aux charmes « ordinaires ». Madeleine la sœur d'Édouard qui n'est ni laide ni belle et qui le sait.

Prenez la peine de lire « Et pour finir.. » où Pierre Lemaitre nous explique s'être basé, en partie, sur un scandale qui a vraiment eu lieu et où il nous liste les romans de l'après-guerre dont il s'est inspirée.

En conclusion, ne laissez ni le sujet ni le nombre de pages vous intimider et plongez dans ce livre qui est pur plaisir d'un bout à l'autre.

Huy says

R? t khéo léo và tài tình, xen l? n s? hài h?? c và n? i bu? n v? i nh? ng câu v? n ?? m ch? t th?. Không hi? u sao ?? c xong cu? n sách tôi có c? m giác tr? ng r? ng nh? mình v? a b? l? m? t ? i? u gì ? ó, tr? ng r? ng nh? khôn m? t không bao gi? lành l? i c? a Édouard và c? nh? ng v? t th? ? ng không bao gi? khép mi? ng nh? ng không bao gi? th? y ??? c c? a các nhân v? t trong cu? n sách.

Bên Phía Nhà Z says

H? i nhi? u hú h? a và h? i nhi? u gi? n ?? n

“H? n g? p l? i trên kia,” ??? c trao gi? i th? ? ng Goncourt n? m 2013 c? a Pierre Lemaitre, là m? t thiên ti? u thuy? t v? thân ph? n con ng? ? i k? tr? ? c và sau Chi? n tranh th? gi? i th? nh? t, t? 1918 ?? n 1922, n? i thay vì m? t b? c tranh l? ch s? cùng v? i chi? n công hay chi? n b? i v? ? ? i ??? c mô t? thì b? t lên hai s? ph? n con ng? ? i, Albert Maillard và Édouard Péricourt, b? tàn phá b? i m? t k? tr? c l? i hi? m ác và ? ? i s? ng h? u chi? n là nh? ng tr? y da tróc v? y ?? s? ng sót ? Paris. Toàn b? câu chuy? n ??? c k? b? ng m? t gi? ng v? n nhanh nh? n, h? p d? n, nh? ng c? ng ph? i bày quá nhi? u tình c? ??? c s? p ?? t gây ngô ?? n ng? ngàng v? c? t truy? n, n? i ? i? m y? u c? a tác gi? b? th? hi? n nhi? u h? n là tài n? ng.

Cu? n ti? u thuy? t có m? t kh? i ?? u r? t h? p d? n, khi trong cu? c t? n công vào quân ?? c ? c? ? i? m 113 c? a quân Pháp, m? t cu? c t? n công r? d? i phi ngh? a lý ??? c ra l? nh b? i tên ác nhân trung úy Pradelle, mà chính nhân v? t chính th? t lên, trong chi? n tranh ng? ? i ta không ch? t vì k? thù mà ch? t vì c? p trên c? a mình. Cu? c t? n công ? y, và v? i s? ? óng góp ch? ch? t do c? a nhân v? t Javer ác, m? t cách phi? n di? n và kh? ng kh? ng và xuyên su? t t? ?? u t? i cu? i truy? n, Henri Pradelle, ? ã ? em cu? c ? ? i hai ng? ? i lính v? n ch? ng m? t l? n giao ti? p g? n k? t l? i v? i nhau: Albert b? chôn vùi d? ? i h? còn Édouard c? u thoát Albert ?? r? i b? th? ? ng t? t v? nh vi? n: c? t chân,

mặt toàn bộ hàm và lưỡi. K? t? giây phút ó tr? i, Édouard tr? thành con quái v?t v? hình d?ng và Albert tr? thành b?n tri k? c? i?i c?a anh.

Toàn b? câu chuy?n tr? v? sau, là nh?ng tri?n khai v? cu?c i?i c?a hai ng?i b?n thân và có th? nói, nh?ng trang c?m ?ng nh?t c?a “H?n g?p l?i trên kia” chính là khi vi?t v? tình c?m g?n bó gi?a hai con ng?i b? chi?n tranh c?t c?t c? cu?c i?i này. Albert tr? v? sau cu?c chi?n thì m?t ng?i yêu, m?t công vi?c, ? tr? trong m?t c?n phòng áp mái t?i tàn. Édouard thì s? ph?n còn tàn b?o h?n khi c?ng quy?t gi? ch?t và không tr? v? v?i gia ?nh – và Albert chính là ng?i giúp anh tráo i?i và t?o ra tên tu?i, nhân thân, th?m chí c? xác ch?t này, m?t trong nh?ng tr?ng ?o?n duyên đáng và dí d?m nh?ng ?ng th?i l?i bi k?ch nh?t. H? lay l?t s?ng v?i nhau nh? m?t ?ôi tri k? lâu n?m, tâm s? và n?ng c?y và c?i c?. M?t Albert nhút nhát, d? l?p b?p, không bi?t nói d?i, d?u d?ng s?ng v?i m?t Édouard nh?y c?m, b? suy nh?c th?n kinh, nghi?n moóc phin. Albert n? Édouard m?t m?ng s?ng và Édouard n? Albert m?t cu?c v?c d?y t? tinh th?n t?i th? ch?t.

Gi?a nh?ng kh?n khó không l?i thoát ó, Édouard ã b?p vào m?t d? án, v?a giúp anh h?i sinh, nh?ng c?ng là th? h?y di?t anh. N?c Pháp h?u chi?n nh? lên ?ng v?i ch? ? t?ng ni?m và th?ng ti?c khi nh?ng gia ?nh có con hy sinh trong chi?n tr?n l?n nhà n?c s?n sàng chi ra r?t nhi?u tiền ? d?ng lên hàng lo?t nh?ng b?c t?ng và nh?ng t?ng ài t?ng nh?. V?n sinh viên m? thu?t, Édouard thuy?t ph?c b?n tham gia v? l?a ?o t?m c? c? n?c, mang m?t cái tên không th? gi?u nh?i h?n, “Ký ?c t? qu?c,” b?ng nh?ng phác h?a t?ng các chi?n s? không th? i?i hình h?n. “H?n g?p l?i trên kia” ch?m bi?m cái thói s?n súa gi? t?o c?a m?t th?i i?i khi mà s? ph?n th?c c?a c?u chi?n binh nh?ng k? s?ng sót tr? v? thì b? b? m?c: Albert ch?y tr?t i?i tìm m?t công vi?c nuôi thân, b? ?y h?t n?i này sang n?i khác, r?i cu?i cùng là i?i ?eo nh?ng t?m bi?n qu?ng cáo n?ng tr?ch hàng ngày trên ph?. Chính c?n lên ?ng này ã t?o i?i ki?n cho v? l?a ?o ti?n tri?u quan c?a Albert và Édouard (và c? nh?ng cú l?a ?o buôn bán xác ch?t khác n?a): và tình c? thay, m?t trong nh?ng i?i t?ng l?n nh?t c?a h? chính là ông b? t? s?n ti?n m?i c?a Édouard, ?t nhiên c?m th?y th?ng nh? th?ng con trai ?ng tính mà mình ã h?t h?i bao nhiêu n?m. Chuy?n tình c? này kéo theo chuy?n tình c? kia, r?i thì ng?i t?t thì s?ng sót còn k? ác thì b? tr?ng tr?.

“H?n g?p l?i trên kia” ch?a ?ng quá nhi?u tùy ti?n và cách gi?i quy?t xung ?t c?a tác ph?m c?ng b?c l? s? nông quá m?c. M?t lo?t các s? s?p x?p thành chu?i các s? ki?n c?a Pierre Lemaitre khi?n ng?i ?c không hi?u là cu?c i?i sao có th? nhi?u ng?u nhiên ?n th? hay sao tác gi? có th? l? l? ch? ?ích mình ra quá nhi?u ?n th?: k? th? ác tình c? l?i l?y chính ch? gái c?a Édouard, k? th? ác tình c? b? h? b?i m?t nhân v?t khác, ông thanh tra Merlin, ?c nhét vào c?t truy?n c?ng không kém ng?u nhiên h?n, v? l?a ?o c?a Albert và Édouard không th? ?n gi?n và d? ti?n hành h?n, t?p catalog trong vô vàn các n?i l?i l?t luôn vào tay ông b? giàu có c?a Édouard, ngài Péricourt, khi ông trong c?n ti?c th?ng th?ng con trai bèn quy?t ?nh xây t?ng ài t?ng ni?m. ?n t?n chi ti?t cu?i cùng c?ng là m?t s? s?p ?t ?y l? li?u, ? cái ?nh cao c?a bi k?ch nh?ng ?ng th?i l?u l?i l?i là ánh m?t h?nh phúc tr?c lúc ch?t c?a nhân v?t chính, m?t chi ti?t không th? s?n sáo h?n.

Cu?n ti?u thuy?t có r?t nhi?u ?u i?i?m l?i th? khi tác gi? cài c?m ?c nhi?u y?u t? c?a truy?n trình thám vào: ó là nh?ng bí m?t ?c che d?u, ó là nh?ng c?ng th?ng gi?t gân nh?ng l?n bí m?t suýt b? l?. Nh?ng quá nhi?u c? tích, v?i m?t k?t thúc không th? gi? t?o h?n, ti?u thuy?t c?ng b?c l? nhi?u i?i?m non n?t c?a tác gi?. D?u t?o ra ?c nhi?u tình hu?ng dí d?m và hài h?c, và chính vì th? có s?c thái ch? gi?u, “H?n g?p l?i trên kia” không tuân theo m?t lô gíc nào, mà tuân theo ý chí ch? quan c?a tác gi? là ch? y?u. Nó không ph?i là cu?n sách khi?n ng?i ?c b? l? gì nhi?u l?m n?u quy?t ?nh không ?c nó. Ch?a k?, l?i còn quá dài.

????? ?????? says

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Colibri Books

<http://knigolandia.info/book-review/s...>

Patrice-loup Rifaux says

Pour l'instant je laisse ce roman de côté : je le trouve trop mal écrit !

Ayant repris ma lecture, je suis allé jusqu'au bout de ce livre qui aurait gagné à être plus court.

Je maintiens mon jugement premier : livre mal écrit, sans style ni souffle. De surcroît les personnages sont très stéréotypés, de même que les milieux sociaux.

Mais indéniablement il y a ici un roman, une histoire, ce qui sauve le livre.

De là à mériter un prix Goncourt

Warwick says

A very strange book to have won the Goncourt Prize – it's more superficially engaging than you might expect from French literary fiction (the author is better known as a writer of thrillers), but also much more shallow. In fact it doesn't really seem to be about anything, except for a string of vaguely related incidents involving two survivors of the First World War – and at more than six hundred pages, that's really not enough. This book is just far too long. In fact by the time you finally reach the end, you've already long since metaphorically put the chairs on the tables and started switching lights off.

We do get off to quite an exciting start: a battlefield in the closing days of the war, November 1918, and two French privates whose lives come together in a moment of near-death melodrama. The soldiers' subsequent attempts to make a go of it in post-war Paris are inwoven with the country's capitalist rush to finance war memorials: while the concept of the French soldier is fêted and glorified, *actual* surviving soldiers, many of whom are grotesquely injured, are ostracised and shunned.

La guerre avait été une terrible épreuve de solitude, mais ce n'était rien comparé à cette période de démobilisation qui prenait des allures de descente aux enfers....

Thematically this should be pretty interesting, but unfortunately it's mostly used as the pretext for a lot of dramatic set-pieces whose narrative tension is sometimes engineered rather cheaply. I think it's cheating, for instance, to say that a character has died, only to reveal later that he's still alive after all, and similar tricks are played at several points herein. The main characters become involved in perpetrating a huge countrywide scam, and this is squeezed for every drop of manufactured tension it can provide. Which personally, I hated – you know those scenes in films or TV shows where someone's snuck into someone's office, and they have to get a file out of a drawer, or download something on to a USB stick or something?—and at the same time

you can see the owner pulling up outside and walking up the stairs, turning the handle – argh! I can't stand these scenes, I actually sometimes have to switch over because they stress me out so much. Well this book is kind of like that, only strung out for five hundred pages.

(That title, by the way. It means 'See you in heaven' or something along those lines, but for Anglophone readers – well, for me anyway – it can't help bringing to mind echoes of Robert Graves's famous First World War memoir, *Goodbye to All That*. The English translation of this one appears to be called *The Great Swindle*, which is...fine, if kind of giving up.)

The writing style is not bad – it's very easy to read, few long words, a feeling of wit and intelligence there, but certainly nothing that makes you want to underline phrases in delight; and while the two main characters are well done, the same can't be said for some of the supporting cast: the perky-parlourmaid love interest and the evil-aristo baddie seem to have been ordered straight from central casting. Because of its length and its episodic nature, some people have compared this to the big nineteenth-century novels, but that's a strange connection to want to make with a story like this, which takes its narrative inspiration much more from Barbusse, Genevoix and Chevallier (as the afterword explicitly says). Problem is I'm not sure Pierre Lemaitre really comes out of this comparison well, which is a polite way of saying that he definitely doesn't – many parts of his book are good fun, but you'd do a lot better to read Barbusse, Genevoix and Chevallier instead.

Jill Mackin says

Great novel. Was unsure about how it would all come together in the end. Loved the ending. There certainly was a great swindle regarding The Great War memorials.

Yves Gounin says

J'ai pris un tel plaisir de lecture au dernier prix Goncourt que j'arrache les yeux à celui qui vendra me dire que les prix littéraires, c'est du chiqué.

Pierre Lemaître, auteur à succès de romans policiers plaisamment troussés, s'attaque avec talent à un nouveau genre : le roman historique tendance Sébastien Japrisot "Un long dimanche de fiançailles" ou Marc Dugain "La chambre des officiers".

L'a-t-il fait avec un poil(u?) d'opportunisme à la veille d'une année riche en commémorations ? Accordons lui le bénéfice du doute tant le résultat est réussi.

Vous ouvrirez ce gros livre de 500 pages et serez aussitôt happé par la scène d'ouverture à couper le souffle. Nous sommes dans les tranchées, en novembre 1918. Les trois héros du roman s'y retrouvent - pour ne plus jamais se recroiser : Albert Maillard, un pauvre bougre qui manque mourir étouffé dans un trou d'obus nez-à-nez avec un cadavre de cheval, le lieutenant d'Aulnay Pradelle, fringant officier prêt à tout pour restaurer son blason et le jeune Edouard Péricourt, dessinateur de génie, mais en rupture de ban avec sa richissime famille.

Pierre Lemaître a le chic pour croquer des personnages attachants (ah ! Joseph Merlin et ses godillots) plongés dans des situations saisissantes.

De la première à la dernière scène, son roman est éminemment cinématographique et je ne doute pas un seul instant qu'il soit rapidement adapté à l'écran.

Je me suis amusé à dresser un casting imaginaire.

Dans le rôle d'Albert, le bon bougre, généreux à défaut d'être courageux, Clovis CORNILLAC ou Grégory GADEBOIS.

Louis GARREL ferait un très bon Edouard, romantique, tourmenté, potache et ambigu.

J'ai beaucoup hésité pour Henry. Il faudrait un méchant d'anthologie, doté d'une force physique menaçante. Samuel LABARTHE ?

Le père d'Edouard doit en imposer par son autorité naturelle. Philippe NOIRET aurait été parfait. Jean-Pierre MARIELLE est peut-être un poil trop vieux. Philippe TORRETON un poil trop jeune

On ne devrait pas avoir de mal à trouver une actrice pour Madeleine, la sœur aimante d'Edouard :

Emmanuelle DEVOS ? Sandrine KIBERLAIN ?

Pour les personnages secondaires j'ai pensé à la charmante Charlotte LE BON pour Pauline, la jolie domestique, et Thierry FREMONT pour Joseph MERLIN le monstrueux inspecteur des cimetières.

D'autres idées ?

Azumi says

Todos los que pensaban que aquella guerra acabaría pronto habían muerto hacía mucho tiempo. Precisamente a causa de la guerra.

Estas son las primeras líneas de la novela y tiene un inicio muy crudo que me impactó muchísimo, luego pierde algo de fuelle pero sin dejar de ser una muy buena novela, en la que está perfectamente descrita la miseria de la postguerra, las penurias de los mutilados y la sangre fría de los que se aprovecharon de esta situación para hacer dinero mediante el fraude (view spoiler)

A ratos es muy, muy pero que muy macabra (view spoiler)

Los personajes están todos muy bien dibujados, ese Joseph Merlin es inigualable, y todos tienen sus claros-oscuros, lo que los hace muy humanos.

El final lo encuentro adecuado, cada uno acaba en su sitio (view spoiler)

Spirou says

Είναι πλέον να απ' τα αγαπημένα μου. Δεν πρ'ε ?δικα το βραβε?ο Goncourt. Αν θ?λετε να ακο?σετε περισσ?τερα, δε?τε τη β?ντεο-κριτικ? μου εδ?

M. Malmierca says

El Premio Goncourt del 2013, Nos Vemos allá arriba de Pierre Lemaitre nos muestra con gran precisión las miserias humanas provocadas por la guerra en la época inmediatamente posterior a la Primera Guerra Mundial. Estamos ante una novela dura, plagada de desesperanza, pero por la que discurren también valores como la ternura, la amistad o la compasión e, incluso, ciertas dosis de ironía. No encuentro héroes, la verdad, tan solo supervivientes en un mundo absurdo, con grandes diferencias de clase y estúpidas normas sociales. Su prosa es indiscutible y sus personajes, te gusten o no, te desesperen o no, están magistralmente trazados.

Quizá no todas sus diversas tramas resulten igual de interesantes, pero mantienen la calidad suficiente para disfrutarlas. Otro punto a su favor es la época en la que se desarrolla. Creo que hay mucha literatura sobre la Segunda Guerra Mundial y menos sobre la Primera o, al menos, yo no había leído demasiado. Por este motivo, la descripción de la vida cotidiana en el París de 1918 me ha resultado enriquecedor. Creo que mi opinión general es obvia: excelente literatura. (Manu)

Vahid .M says

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Stratos says

Ενα βιβλίο αντξιο των τσο καλν κριτικν. Απολαυστικ? γραφ? με ρωες που δοκιμστηκαν σκληρ? στο τλως του Α? Παγκοσμ?ου Πολ?μου. Απρ?βλεπτη εξ?λιξη με ννα τραγικ? τλως... Απαρ?τητο ?χι μ?νο για δι?βασμα αλλ? και για την βιβλιοθ?κη του καθεν?ς. Το μ?νο αρνητικ?. Ο εκδοτικ?ς ο?κος δεν σεβ?στηκε το εξ?φυλλο της πρ?της ?κδοσης με αποτ?λεσμα η επ?μενη ?κδοση να ομαδοποιηθε? ως εμφ?νιση με ?λλες εκδ?σεις ?λλων συγγραφ?ων.
